

The Evening World.

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NORDICA'S FRENCH SPOILATION CLAIM.

Jordan told a World correspondent that she was going to Hot Springs, Ark., on an unusually exacting concert tour, to divert herself with a few games of goulte. And the next day, through Thomas B. Reed, she filed suit against the Government for \$3,000,000, alleging that sum to be due her as the heiress of New England ship owners, whose East India cargoes were confiscated by French privateers in the war of the Revolution. With a fortune of that bulk in prospect, the prima donna could cut a large figure at Monte Carlo, and it is greatly to her credit that she prefers to patronize local industries and distribute her cash at home.

French spoliation claims are responsible for a vein of romance in the rugged New England character. In seaside towns and hamlets where Mary Wilkins's spinsters live they have colored the maiden meditations of hum-drum lives and led to the erection of air castles lovelier than the Taj Mahal—stately edifices with the whole outfit of cloud-capped towers and gorgeous pinnacles. It is just a century this year since the United States began its first contention with France about the payment of these claims, and their consideration engaged the attention of Congress off and on without definite decision until 1855, when a bill was passed, which Mr. Cleveland approved, by the provisions of which claimants file their petitions with the Court of Claims. The Court then passes upon their validity, and if approved the claim is referred to Congress for final action.

In 1801 the amount of the claims was estimated at \$20,000,000. Since then they have expanded to an extent equalled only by the furniture brought over by the Pilgrim Fathers in the hold of the Mayflower. It is a fact, provable by affidavit, that there is enough of this old mahogany now in the possession of Colonial Dames and Sons of the Revolution to have wholly constructed the Pilgrim vessel.

"On the Last Day we will all be awakened by Gabriel's trumpet."
"Not those of us who have got used to alarm clocks."

THE PROFESSIONAL BEGGAR NUISANCE.

The deserved praise Miss Carey is receiving for her pluck and persistence in securing the arrest of Jennie Gold as a professional mendicant ought to compensate her for the ordeal she found it necessary to undergo to effect a very simple triumph of justice. Professional beggars are a public nuisance. The toll they exact from the tender-hearted is a species of emotional blackmail, and those who pay it are mostly persons whose own margin between comfort and want is so small as to make them unduly sensitive to the simulated misfortune of those who ask for alms.

For at least ten years, on Sundays and holidays, three robust beggars, one woman and two men, have stationed themselves on Park place, Murray and Warren streets, between Broadway and Church, and taken toll regularly from passers-by on their way from the Bridge to the "L" station and the ferries. They have thrived physically and presumably financially and they remain unmolested by the police. Are they, too, down on some wardman's little list for "assessment?"

"You say you want a job here as a draughtsman. What can you draw?"
"Well, just at present I'm so nervous I can hardly draw even a long breath; but if I get the job I'll draw as big a salary as you'll give me."

COMMISSIONER NAGLE'S DIRTY STREETS.

"It's a tough job trying to please 4,000,000 people," says Street-Cleaning Commissioner Nagle. "Ever try it? Well, don't!" Waring tried it and failed, then tried it again, and left a name as an efficient public servant, deserving, as many people thought, of a monument. Col. Waring had the advantage of Mr. Nagle in having had an engineer's training. From the time he left his first polytechnic school he had been accustomed, as an engineer, to solve problems the mere contemplation of which raises an ague-like apprehension of failure in Nagle.

It must be admitted, however, that even in fair weather the "layout" of dirt and general uncleanness that confronts Nagle in the streets of New York is worse than any Waring had to do with. What it will be when the snow spreads a thick blanket over the present stratum of filth is fearful to contemplate. The avenues along the whole line of the subway are left in a disreputable condition by the contractors, and wind and cartwheels and human feet scatter this dirt broadcast in the adjacent streets. Minor contractors on sewers and buildings follow the McDonald example, and add their quota of dirt. Much will be forgiven the Commissioner if, in the few days of office remaining to him, he will put up a presentable bluff and do what he can to improve matters, while ceasing to whine. But at the present rate of accumulation of dirt and debris, the sympathies of the city will go out to his successor.

"I see that that young millionaire from Switzerland has bought an engagement ring for one of New York's society queens."
"I suppose he's another of the Swiss belle-ringers."

THE CASE OF A WOMAN HATER.

In a lengthy communication to The Evening World concerning women and the relation to them of the statute legalizing common law marriages, "H. O. C." writes:

The teachings women receive from childhood are to make mankind their common prey. They tempt him with their charms when he is passion-blind or otherwise intoxicated, secure from him the fatal proposal and legally bind him hand and foot for life. In the majority of cases they make of him an instrument only to gratify their whims, vanity and selfishness, and thereby prove (if mankind were only honest and fearless enough to acknowledge it) that the large majority of the female sex are a bunch game from the cradle to the grave.

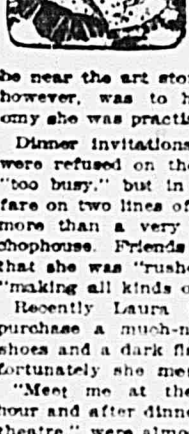
In the view of the feminine reader the initials "H. O. C." must stand for "horrid old curmudgeon." How much wiser he would be and how much more fun he would get out of life if he regarded what he calls a "bunco game" as a little game of chance, a lottery of love, in which there are no blanks and in which the capital prize is the choicest of masculine possessions! If there is the slightest surviving spark of poetry in "H. O. C.'s" soul let him recall Campbell's lines—

The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled.

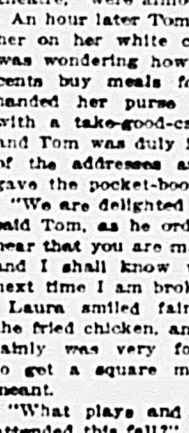
Laura's Career as an Artist



When Laura Howell had a good and regular salary she never hesitated to admit that she could not afford to buy this or that thing, but when she began to devote all her time to painting uncertain little pictures at uncertain little prices, she kept her financial matters a profound secret, says the Chicago News.



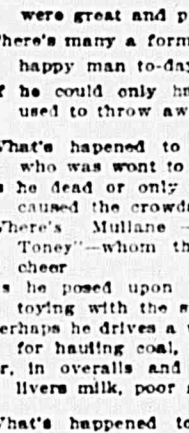
She rented a room away up on North side, far from all her friends and relatives, in order that, as she explained, she might be near the art store. Her real reason, however, was to hide the right economy she was practicing "for art's sake."



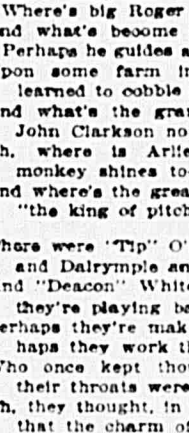
Dinner invitations on the south side were refused on the plea that she was "too busy," but in reality because car fare on two lines of cars cost five cents more than a very frugal dinner at a shophouse. Friends soon understood that she was "rushed with orders" and "making all kinds of money."



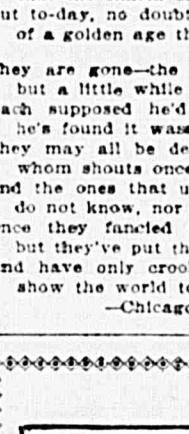
Recently Laura went downtown to purchase a much-needed pair of high shoes and a dark flannel waist, but unfortunately she met her cousin Tom. "Meet me at the restaurant in an hour and after dinner we will go to the theatre," were almost his first words.



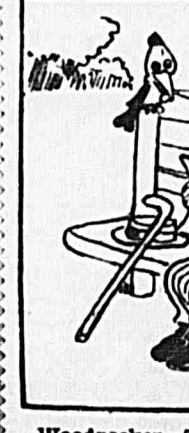
An hour later Tom was complimenting her on her white crepe waist and she was wondering how she could make 75 cents buy meals for three days. She handed her purse to Tom, however, with a take-good-care-of-it expression, and Tom was duly impressed as he felt of the addresses and clippings which gave the pocket-book a prosperous air.



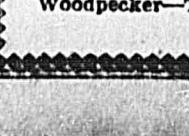
"We are delighted with your success," said Tom, as he ordered the dinner. "I hear that you are making lots of money and I shall know where to come the next time I am broke."



Laura smiled faintly as she tasted the fried chicken, and said that she certainly was very fortunate. Fortunately to get a square meal was what she meant.



"What plays and lectures have you attended this fall?"
"I haven't been to anything," answered Laura, indifferently.



On the way home she mentioned her purse, but as Tom said a hasty "Good-bye" and ran for his car, she was forgotten. Laura decided to sleep until 11 o'clock Sunday morning so she would

STARS LOST TO VIEW.

Great Amos Rusie doesn't awe the bleachers any more; He has to avenge the pick who was so wonderful before; But Rusie's not the only one who's ceased to move the crowd. A lot of others are obscure who once were great and proud—There's many a former star who'd be a happy man to-day.

What's happened to "Pete" Browning, who was wont to line 'em out? Is he dead or only sleeping who once caused the crowds to shout? Where's Mullane—the "handsome Tony"—whom the women used to cheer.

As he posed upon the diamond idly toying with the sphere? Perhaps he drives a wagon that is built for hauling coal. Or, in overalls and jumpers, now delivers milk, poor soul.

What's happened to Dan Brouthers? Where's big Roger Connor now? And what's become of Mickey Welch? Perhaps he guides a plough.

Upon some farm in Kansas, or has learned to cobbler shoes. And what's the grand profession that John Clarkson now pursues? Oh, where is Arlie Latham cutting monkey shins to-day.

And where's the great McCormick, once "the king of pitchers," say? There were "Tip" O'Neill and Glasscock and Dalrymple and George Gore, and "Deacon" White and Eaterbrook—they're playing ball no more!

Perhaps they're making boilers or perhaps they work the lathe. Who once kept thousands yelling till their throats were sore and raw. Ah, they thought, in those fair seasons, that the charm of it would last. But to-day, no doubt, they're dreaming of a golden age that's past.

They are gone—the stars who dazzled but a little while ago—Each supposed he'd last forever, but here's the saddest of all: They may all be dead and buried for whom shouts once filled the air. And the ones that used to cheer them do not know, nor do they care!

Once they fancied they were heroes, but they've put that thought away. And have only crossed fingers left to show the world to-day.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

WISER THAN THEY WERE.

The principal, nay, the sole social element of a certain town in the State is a poker club. Now and then the women give a big blow-out and invite the country, but the regular hospitality of the men is confined to the heart to spade talk in the sanctuary of the clubroom.

Every fellow takes his guest there and commits him to Providence or his skill in the game. One citizen walked in recently with a friend, a solemn-faced, dignified young man.

"Gosh," whispered the secretary, "the fun's spoiled now. Here's that chap with Blank, a regular wet blanket!" "His family are blue-stocking Presbyterians," whispered a second growler, "they'll be insulted if we propose a game."

"Suggested a third, and then they all cussed their friends for ruining the kill-jock. But these gentlemen didn't know the friend proposed a game, and the church member said he would sit in it gladly. This caused much joy, though they just hated to pluck a stranger, but it was his own lookout, so they cut and dealt. They did say that about midnight the religious member from afar had all the money going, besides a lot of watches and charms and several I. O. U.'s. Moral: Don't play poker with a church member.—Louisville Times.

HAD HIS DOUBTS.
An old German was on his death-bed. In his earlier years he had led a wild life, but since the death of Schneider, one of his boon companions, he had returned and given up his bad habits. This Schneider in his day had been a mighty drinker; famous for his capacity and carouses.

The priest was ministering to the dying man, consoling him with visions of the paradise he would soon enter, telling him that he would meet there his old friends and what a joy it would be to see them all again.

The dying man asked feebly: "Will Schneider be there, Your Reverence?" Thinking to give him pleasure, the priest replied: "Yes, Schneider will be there."

"Ach," said the other, "dat is very bad!" "All those drinkings and endings and fightings all over again; all dot beer and whiskey."

"But there will be no drinking in Heaven," said the priest.
"But you said Schneider would be there."

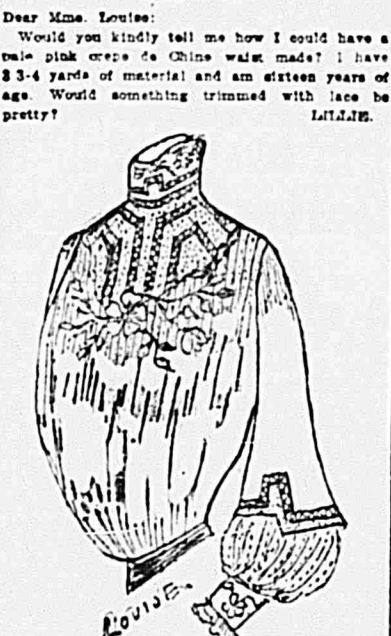
"He will," was the priest's reply.
"And there would be drinkings, you think? Ach, you don't know Schneider!"
—Appinette.

THE EVENING WORLD'S HOME DEPARTMENT.

HOW TO DRESS WELL.

By Mine. Louise.

The Evening World places at the disposal of its feminine readers the services of a very competent dress-maker who will assist and advise in planning new dresses and making over old ones. Address all letters on this topic to "Mrs. Louise, Evening World Home Dressmaking Department."



Your pink crepe de Chine waist would be very pretty made like the cut, with the trimming on the front of the black silk lace applique the crepe tucked in small tucks under the applique to give the necessary fullness for blouse, which finishes under a pointed crushed belt of pink panne velvet with black French knots. The yoke at first is plain, tight fitting, then cut like the skirt, with the edges turned back, and joined together with a feather-stitch in black. Fill in the plain material in the yoke with black French knots. The sleeve is trimmed on a belled upper, to correspond with the yoke, bearing a full puff of tuck and crepe, with cuff trimmed with black applique; tiny ruffles of pink and black chiffon add a dainty softness at the hand. The lower part of the collar matches the yoke, while the upper part has a touch of the black applique and a little of the pink and black chiffon ruffles at the back.

Dear Mrs. Louise:
I have two yards of black crepe de Chine and would like to know how to have it made up. I would like to have it made up for an evening waist. Kindly advise me through The Evening World column of a pretty way to have it made up for second morning.
E. W. H.

The design given for Lille is one of this season's prettiest models for crepe de Chine waists. As you desire black and white, have a white lining in your yoke, to act as an effective background for the feather stitching, which should be black. You have rather a short length of material, so would advise you to make the puffs on sleeves of black tuck and mousseline de sole, having black and white ruffles at the hand. The belt should be of black glace taffeta.

Dear Mrs. Louise:
I would like to know whether a royal blue crepe de Chine or lansdowne would be proper to wear in the evening as well as in the afternoon. Also, which of the two materials would you prefer? I intend to have the dress elaborately made.
ROSE.

Why not have your gown made of crepe de meteor? Look at some sample by gas light before buying your material. Some blues light up so much prettier than others. The slip thing for the yoke is a splendid idea for an all-around reception dress as it will enable you to wear it sheer for evening wear.

Many a man's wife has run him into the ground trying to keep up with a fast set. When a woman can hook her corset without holding her breath she acquires because it wasn't laced tighter. Alphabetical lists of French quotations have enabled many a poor stick to get credit for the possession of wonderful culture.

It takes some people a long time to find out that the whole world isn't alighting when they happen to feel blue. Great men often boast of the time when they worked for 20 cents a day and their board, but no woman who is up ever refers to the time when she was anybody's hired girl.

Alas, how foolish people think advertising is just an advertisement it is known by the name of charity.—Chicago Record-Herald.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

Points on Etiquette.

Cards All Around.

A bride and bridegroom are "at home" to their friends for a first call at the residence of the bride's parents, who have issued the announcement cards. How many of her husband's cards should a lady leave in calling upon both ladies at the same time? A BRIDE.

Here's a Question of Propriety.
Dear Mrs. Ayer:
Is kind enough to let me know if it is proper for a young lady to join a whist club with a gentleman.

When to Send Cards.
Dear Mrs. Ayer:
I received announcement cards which read as follows: "Mr. and Miss Black announce the marriage of their sister, Clara Smith, to Mr. John Jones, Wednesday (date of month), Harrisburg, Pennsylvania." Do I send cards to the brother and sister or to the bride and bridegroom? How many of both of my husband's and my own cards? How soon after receiving them?
R. K.

SEND cards to Mr. and Miss Black to each.
If your own and your husband's card are separate you must send one of each to the sister and brother. Send as soon after receiving the announcement as possible.

Let Men Wait on Themselves.
Dear Mrs. Ayer:
After a party at a lady's home is it proper for the lady of the house to get the gentlemen's coats and hats for them? Is it proper for a lady keeping company with a gentleman to give him a birthday or Christmas present before she is engaged to him? If so, what is the most suitable present? HAZEL.

ABLE-BODIED men are supposed to be competent to wait upon themselves if there are no servants at hand. Nothing can be more absurd than the spectacle of a woman helping a young strong man to put on his topcoat, or to rush about to fetch his hat. Men are supposed to wait on women and themselves also.

Yes, it is quite proper for a girl to give a gentleman a birthday or Christmas present when she is engaged to marry him. Any object of personal adornment, a scarf-pin, cuff buttons or any useful article which the gentleman could carry, or a card case or fountain pen.

Ladies on the Left.
Dear Mrs. Ayer:
Kindly inform me where is the proper place for a lady to sit at table; at the right hand side or left hand side of the gentleman?
S. L. C.

The lady sits on the gentleman's left.

FOR HOME DRESSMAKERS.
The Evening World's Daily Fashion Hint.



To cut this Norfolk shirt waist in medium size 3-8 yards of material 21 inches wide, 3-8 yards 27 inches wide or 2-3 yards 44 inches wide will be required, when yoke is used; 3-4 yards 21 inches wide 3-8 yards 27 inches wide or 2 yards 44 inches wide when yoke is omitted.

The pattern (No. 237, 24 to 40) will be sent for 10 cents. Send money to "Cashier, The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

"BEAUTY AND THE BEAST."

As Seen by Kate Carew.



THE TRIUMPHANT CAWTHORNE.
Joseph Cawthorne gleams through the intensely British humor of "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast" like a live cinder under a cloud of smoke. He would make an Englishman laugh-in fact, I saw him accomplish that feat during the summer, when he played in London with Alice Neilson. At the overgrown Broadway Theatre he has to depend on cruder effects, but in his own unstudied way he dominates the spectacle. They need him at Weber & Fields's.

TWO INTERESTING LADIES.
Miss Ella Snyder is as fresh and beautiful as when she first came out of the maxine's factory. All the joints and springs are flexible, and the Edna May pensive smile works like a charm. Miss Viola Gillette knows how to sting and makes a charming Prince.

KING, QUEEN AND DEUCE.
Harry Bulger and Charles J. Ross as the King and Queen work fearfully hard and manufacture a good deal of old-fashioned merriment. John Page is a skilful acrobat who, like little boys, should be seen and not heard.

Their Opinion of the New Preacher.

The gentleman who preaches in a certain Presbyterian church in one of the suburbs of Chicago secured an extended leave of absence several months ago, and since then his pulpit has been filled by a younger man, who has proved very popular. Dr. Green is much loved by all the members of his flock, but he never seemed to stir them as Rev. Mr. Hawksley does. They have to fill the aisles with chairs every Sunday morning now, whereas there used to be a good many vacant seats.

This may be due entirely to the fact that people like changes. The substitute minister may not be any more eloquent or earnest than Dr. Green is, but no matter. Among the members of the congregation is the absent minister's married daughter, Mrs. Burton. This lady's wedding occurred only a few days before her father's departure, and Mrs. Burton, being a stranger in the town, was not invited to the wedding. She soon forgot the name of the minister's daughter, and she ever knew, as she

Letters from the People.

Will the Hornets Come to Life?
To the Editor of The Evening World:
A very large and beautiful hornet's nest was sent me a few days ago from the country. While I am glad to see so picturesque an addition to my collection, yet I am told by a friend that, in the spring (or perhaps earlier) is a time when the hornets come to life, and wander forth to render my life a source. I want to ask your readers if this is true. If so, what can I do to prevent their hatching out? This worries me much and I will be thankful for any advice. I don't want to destroy the nest, yet I don't want my family to run the risk of being stung. Please advise.

A MORRIS.
No Refreshment Offered.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I am writing to this country some few months ago, and I am sure that you will be glad to hear that I am still here. I am sure that you will be glad to hear that I am still here. I am sure that you will be glad to hear that I am still here.

kind and friendly. Some, when leaving, begged me to call upon them at their home in the city. This I did; but what surprised me was (after coming from hospitable England) that, although they would chat with one for hours, yet they never proffered a cup of tea or a glass of wine as refreshment. Many a time I felt quite puzzled. On mentioning this to a lady boarder, she replied, "There is so much something poisoning in this country that people are afraid of offering their food. But," she continued, "I never go anywhere unless I take a small flask of cherry in my pocket, and when unobserved relieve my thirst." ANGLAIS.

Reforms Wanted.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I read a plan for having saw street signs, illuminated ones. Good idea. The house should be also numbered with illuminated numbers. In fact, New York City should abolish horse cars all at once. And they should introduce some auto-



Woodpecker—That looks like a good place to store nuts."
"Wow! Let loose! Let loose!"
"I'll teach you to stick pins in people's heads." (WHACK!)